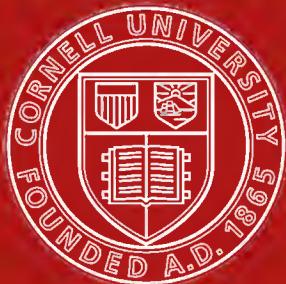


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THE WRITINGS OF DANIEL DEFOE

MOORE NO. 10.

TITLE TO THE ATHENIAN SOCIETY.

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The EPISTLE DEDICATORY, To the Gentlemen of the ATHENIAN SOCIETY.

Gentlemen,

EVER since my *First Thoughts* of writing this *History*, I have frequently consider'd whom I should select, as a fit Patron of my Endeavors this way; but these Considerations still concluded, that you, who on the firm Foundation of your own Excellence, have establish'd your selves in the Esteem of the more solid part of Mankind, without the *Auxiliary Support* of any great Man's Assistance; that You who had no *Richeleur* to cherish your first Essays, or guard your *Rising Merit*, were ablest to Patronize that, which chiefly aim'd at giving the World a Draught, in little, of what it owd to your *Incomparable Performances*. If it were not, that most Writers have a sordid present Gain in View, when they design a *Dedication*, I am confident, we should see few *Noblemen's Names* at the beginning of their Works; since it must be confess'd, 'twould be more for the Advantage of their Reputation, to chuse one another for Patrons; a Writer being better qualified to defend that, which he has once espous'd, with his *Pen*, than any Great man, with his empty *Name*, or a long *Catalogue of Titles*. At least I am sure, no man will think my Choice improper, when he shall consider, how well able you are to *protect my Failings*, with your *Invincible Pens*, against all those, who shall hereafter attaque them. Nor will the *Defect* of what I have writ, make me at all despair of your favourable Reception, since every Action ought to receive its Value from the *Intention*, not the *awkward manner* of Performance. My *Will* design'd your Honor, tho' my *Will* has not come up to the *Greatness* of my *Aim*. I was no sooner convinced by what you published, of the Possibility of carrying on so *Noble an Undertaking*, but I resolved to attempt this *History*, which I hop'd to perfect without the knowledge of any of your *Learned Society*, being sensible that your *abounding Modesty* would endeavour to stifle that, which might bear the *least resemblance* of a *Panegyric*, in the Eye of even the *Envious*; but by the want of Caution in some concern'd in the publishing it, I found, before the last sheet was printed, one of your *Society* had Intelligence of it, whose *Letter* may convince the World, that this *Fear* of mine was not without *Just Ground*. But I will not pretend wholly to justify my self, for publishing this *History* without your Leave, since a thing of this nature, indeed, merited better Helps than I had to the compiling of it, and none were capable of affording them effectually but your selves; yet it was an *Error of the better side*, a *Trespass* caus'd by a too unconsidering *Esteem*, and *Value* for your *Noble Undertaking*, and no less *Performances*, which have not only engag'd me in this *Affair*, but alwaies to be, as I must here subscribe my self;

Gentlemen,
Your Admirer, and Humble Servant,
R. L.

To the Athenian Society.

*This Diff'rence too your Preference secures,
His Aim was Glory, Publick Good was Yours.
For while you move the various Orbs of Wit,
Conceal'd the great Intelligences sit.*

THE Warmth your Beams produc'd you must excuse;
Your Commendation first inspir'd my Muse:
Your friendly Praise supports her feeble Wing;
You both invite, and teach her how to sing.
And, while by Art your charming Numbers move,
Her Wood-wld Notes instruc't her to improve.
Censure, in this Attempt, can only say,
That I my Debt of Thanks too poorly pay;
That from your Bounty I my Tribute rais'd,
And but return the Product of your Praise.
Yet Mortals thus to Sacred Altars go
With Presents which the Gods did first bestow.
We treat them from the Stores which they dispens't
Not to Requirt, but shew our grateful Scrof.
To sing your Toils less abler Bards aspire,
While I at distance, silently admire,
How much oblig'd your Country is to you,
If Wit, and Learning, here, those Charms renew,
That Art's Admirers once to Athens drew.
If thither Conqu'ring Rome for Knowledge sought,
What Miracles have you for Britain wrought!
Who Athens bome to us as your own Charge have brought!
Aspiring Lewis's self must yield to you,
In that sole Praise which he can call his Due:
Translated Learning France too dearly buys,
Which cheaply your Compendious Book supplies.

N. Tate.

Attick Societati.

Octa coloors, Musis & Apolline nata secundis,
Per quam Cecropiis vita resurgit avis,
Cujus lucē novum nostra decus additur Urbi,
Visit, & arctōas mitior aura plagas,
Eja age naturæ penetralia pande latentis,
Invitam excutens, quā licet usq; Deam,
Fortia languorei præbe medicamina mundo,
Phœbeumq; two lumine reddē diem.
Lus divina Sophiæ Titania lumen vincit,
Espinerrat terras, & super astra volat.
Quin pergit victuram in saecula promere chartam,
Quin Sophia sequeris liberioris iter?
Ingeni restar adhuc missa, novus ordo laborum:
Auxiliatrices sperar Apollo manus.
Barbariem, moreq; feros manus Attica ademit,
Nec subigenda tibi monstra minora manent.

P. Motteux

The same in English.

To the Athenian Society.

Sons of the Muses, at whose welcome Birth
Auspicious Phœbus, cheer'd the drooping Earth,
By whom once more old Learned Athens liv'd,
Our great Metropolis new Fame receives,
And a more gentle Air our Northern Climes revives,
Grown, descend to Natures deepest Cell,
The gloomy Night that veils the bosom Dame dispel.
Help a whole World, which doth your Aid implore,
And scat'ring Beams of Light our golden days restore.
Learning's divine Rays the Sun's outgo,
And pierce the Globe, and range the loftiest Skies.
In never-dying Lines your task review,
Through Learning's boundless Sea your course pursue,
Vast undiscover'd Regions wait for you.
The mighty Work much Art, much Toil demands,
And even Apollo wants assiting Hands.
In dismal shades the ancient World did stray,
Till Athens Wisdom did its light display;
Athens once more must change our Darkness into Day.

P. MOTTOUX.

To the Athenian Society.

True Science was, or Learning had a Name,
Dilated Memory record'd Fame:
'Twas long before Forgetfulness was born,
Or Wit could find out Ignorance to scorn:
When Men could back Six hundred years relate,
And still purſ'd their very diſtant Fate.
Deeds sooner far than Men did do,
And long-protracted Life great Mortality;
Wide as the Heaven their Thoughts did roil
To Actions great as the extensive Soul.
Letters and Books the Helps we use
To keep expiring Senes alive,
Needless to them, who could at once peruse,
In their unbounded Knowledge all was known;
Who had with Time their Race begun,
And still liv'd on as if th' Time it self surviv'd.
Nature beſtow'd her youtiful Store so well,
That none could want, and therefore none excell,
And so impartially adorn'd the Mind,
That equal Knowledge did inform Mankind.

Thus when our Fathers (socht with Guilt)
That huge stupendious Stair-case built,
We mock'd indeed the fruſtles Enterprize,
Successless Actions never pass for Wise:
But was the Dreadful life in being, 'twould show
To what degree that untaught Age did know
Who Nature's voice unequaly divide,
And turnd the Globe into a Piramid;
While Heaven seem'd more to apprehend it, than deride.

Strange uncouth Dia'cles from Heaven succeed,
And Universal Clow's is of Jargon spread:
Confusions here in horrid squadrons join'd;
And her: King Ignorance began his Reign;
Old Knowledge bitter bore, Imperial Sway,
But found a Strang', a ſenſible Decay:
And tho' the Old Monarch ſeem'd to keep the Throne,
The Tyrant Ignorance menag'd as his own.
Two Thousand years the Usurper had prevail'd;
And on his Darling Sloth the Crown entail'd;
While the old drooping Monarch ſaw his Fate,
The wanted Power to ſave his ruin'd State.
Two Sons he had, Youths of Angelic Birth,
That promis'd fair, to reinform the Earth,
Wisdom, and Learning, Twins of blooming Hope,
That ſink his Fear, and all his Comforts prop.
Of all his numerous Progeny, these alone
Remain the Hopes of his declining Throne;
The rest oppoſing his approaching Fate,
Sink in the Ruins of their Father's State.
But these the Darlingts of the Parents Age,
At timely rescued from the Tyrant's Rage;

For these be ear'd; for those to Heaven be pray'd;
To Latium one, and one to Greece convey'd.
Inspir'd by Infinit, with a mutual Rage,
Eternal Wars with Ignorance thy wage;
From Athens o'er, and one from Rome, inspir'd
The gladsome World with their own Genial Fire;
So Form did Chaos, light, the Dark expel;
As Athens Rome, and Rome the World excell:
The usurping Troops, by their own Guilt ſubdu'd,
Fled from th' approaching dawn, while none purſ'd.
The enlighten'd world new Altars gladly raise,
And form new Triumphs to the Victor's Praise.
Wisdom, and Learning, aged with Renown,
Enjoy unenvy'd an Eternal Crown;
Their Empire to the World's Extremes extend,
And Viceroy's to remoter Kingdoms send,
Their faithful Agents through the world disperse,
And these, we ſing in our Immortal Verſe;
These now we ſing, and willing Trophies raise,
To their just Value, and their Master's Praile.

D. F.

To the Athenian Society.

When the Mysterious Nothing first was hurl'd
Into a Chaos, thence into a World,
By that great Fiat, (greater much by far
Than the ſtraiſt Bounds of ancient Maxims were,
Which ſaid; From Nothing Nothing can appear.)
Methinks in that great Work, that mighty Change,
I ſaw the Immortal Beings range,
And crowd towards the Sight, as Mortals gaze
At ſome unknown prodigious Comets blaze;
But when they ſaw the sweet, the lovely Face,
And curious Harmony the Wonder grace,
Their Admiration lost it ſelf in Praife.
Thus meaner we, whose low and humble Birth
Derives its Half at leaſt from Native Earth,
When firſt the spreading Fame, the Rumour run,
That Athens had another World begun,
And clear'd the gloomy shades of Ignorance,
And form'd new Sparkling Orbs
This ſoon employ'd each Tongue; all Ears and Eyes
Were full of Athens, and the Enterprize.
But when the ſearching Age began to find
The greater Aim, the Good that was design'd,
Chang'd into Act, and cultivate Mankind;
The deep Amazement pall'd; and in its room
Destrui'd Encomium's crowd, and bring their Off'nings borne.

D. T.

To the Athenian Society.

SOON as our ſett'r'd Souls from Time are free,
All things in Heaven, juſt as they are we ſee;
No dark Conjecture, no obſcure Suppoſe
Confounds the knowledge of each hidden Cause;
But eafe Nature's beauteous Form appears,
Disrobd of the thick Veil, whch here ſhe wears,
The Chalo of Causes, and their Order ſhine,
And clearly ſhow, they're fram'd by Hand's Divine.
To Great Unknown, this You have aim'd at Now:
And tho' coy Nature flies our ſearching View,
Whilſt clouded Reason's coop'd within this Cage,
Yet you have thus far blif'd this happy Age;
What'er the ſearching Study of the Wife
In things divine, and natural yet have found,
What'er from your own Obſervations rife,
From your ſublime Retreat you ſcatter all around:
The MANY, who dead in ignorance lay,
Now ſpeak, and think, riuiv'd by your bright Day.
Before, they had a mere Prometheus Frame,
Till you inform'd their Souls with the Cœleſtial Flame.
Go on —— Learning, and ſolid Truth advance,
They're Noble Subjects, for ſuch Noble Pens:
Let your Oppoſers Trifling Jeſts purſue,
They write for MINUTES, but for AGES You.

Charles Richardson.

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To the Athenian Society:[poems by Daniel



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